THE NATION

OCTOBER 3, 1959 . . 25c

Key to Indo-Chinese Tension

'FIVE FINGERS OF TIBET'

Michael Brecher

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE HAPPINESS RAT RACE

George P. Elliott

DEMOCRATS SEEK NEW FACES

Godfrey Sperling, Jr.

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LETTERS

Comment on an Ad

The Nation *took a full-page ad in* The New York Times *of September 17 to reprint two recent editorials on the Khrushchev visit: "Is This Public Service?"* (The Nation, *Sept. 19*) *and "It's Only Nikita, After All"* (The Nation, *Sept. 12*). *Following is a small but representative selection of the enormous correspondence which the advertisement evoked.*

—EDITORS

Dear Sirs: Having been a subscriber to *The Nation* for many years, may I take the liberty of entering a protest against your full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*.

In this advertisement, you reprint editorials from *The Nation* of September 12 and 19. In the first, you seem to find it strange "that the Russians were unconcerned about the visit of Vice President Nixon and the witchcraft he might work on them and their institutions" while in our country some concern has been expressed about the visit of Chairman Khrushchev.

Is this not highly misleading. . . ? After all, Mr. Nixon traveled as the representative of a government that has no disposition to impose its political, social or economic philosophy on any other country. Mr. Khrushchev, on the other hand, comes here as the head of a government whose avowed purpose is the destruction of some of the most basic and essential values of our Western civilization.

In the second editorial, you criticize an advertisement of the Allen-Bradley Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which had appeared in *The New York Times* on September 10. May I say at this point that I had never heard of the Allen-Bradley Company before and as far as I know I am unacquainted with anybody connected with it. But what is the drift of your criticism? At one point you say a possible explanation of their advertisement is that they manufacture "quality motor controls and quality electronic components" and that, according to the trade press, it is estimated "that at least a third of the output of the components branch of the electronic industry is produced for the government under defense contracts."

This at the very least is suggestive, but later on, you take more positive ground. You say, "In effect, it (the Allen-Bradley Company) is trying to sell hate and fear because hate and fear stimulate the sale of electronic components." Do you not realize that in this you are merely parroting the Soviet propagandist line to the effect that big business in this country is eager to keep the cold war alive because of the profits it draws from defense orders?

This is, of course, the most arrant nonsense. We all know that in the event of a material easing of tension between the United States and the Soviet Union, our economy would be faced with a period of readjustment. Yet we all know that there is so much constructive work to be done here and elsewhere that we would make the transition without much more than a temporary setback. Can you doubt that even the most benighted industrialist would prefer this to the abysmal and catastrophic destruction which will continue to threaten all of us until and unless the masters of the Soviet Union can be brought to understand that, in this age of atomic and thermonuclear weapons, we have a common and overriding interest in laying the foundations for a just and durable peace?

FRANK ALTSCHUL

New York City

(*See editorial on page 182*—ED.)

Dear Sirs: A breath of fresh air from your ad in today's *Times* cleared the stench which resulted from the reading of Allen-Bradley's ad. The Russians and the Communists hold no appeal to me, but unless our President and his associates can be given the opportunity to sit down with these people — and all of us get the opportunity to learn about each other without the sort of stuff that has been "broadcast" in some of the "wild" ads I have been reading — we'll have nothing happen but hate, distrust, war mongering and worse!

SAMUEL E. GOLD

Maplewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Hearty congratulations to you on your *Times* ad. Your editorials were wonderfully put and indeed throw some light on the motives in back of the shameful ads that have appeared in our press. From discussions in our office, with friends, neighbors, etc., my conclusions are that most Americans are in agreement with your point of view.

ESTHER H. DAVIDSON

New York City

Dear Sirs: Apropos the question why Allen-Bradley was willing to spend its money to awaken the American people to the danger of having Mr. K. visit us, don't overlook the fact that Allen-Bradley is not really spending *its* money. It is spending your money—our money —to the extent of 52 per cent of the cost of those ads. This is because it can deduct, as advertising expense, the full cost of the ads on its income-tax return.

On the other hand, if an internal revenue agent, examining the return of Allen-Bradley, were to disallow this deduction, I would just love to listen to Allen-Bradley defend the deduction on the ground that it was "an ordinary and necessary business expense."

JACOB GOLDBERG

Chicago, Ill.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 10

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Visit

"We might as well face the sorry prospect," wrote a *Daily News* columnist on September 15, "that Comrade Khrushchev's U.S. junket is likely to give Russia the biggest propaganda coup it has had in years." The wistful hope that Mr. Khrushchev would be unilaterally purged of his "misconceptions" was already evaporating when the columnist uttered his lament. In this view, the trip was all loss to the United States, and no gain. Most Americans, however, will probably see it in a different light. Mr. Khrushchev's propaganda harvest is only one aspect of his trip. It is reasonable to suppose that he learned more than he let on. Anyone so obsessively given to gratuitous comparisons between his nation and another must be impressed by the achievements of the competitor, or why should the subject be constantly on his mind?

What should not be ignored, also, though our entertainment-news media chose to ignore it, is the education that the visit has afforded us. In six years of unremitting propaganda we have been treated to various pictures of Khrushchev: the monster of deceit and treachery, the drunken peasant, the mass killer, and so on. What we actually saw was a Communist politician, as opportunistic and long-winded as any of his capitalist counterparts, but wittier than most, and a horse trader from head to toe. Gradually, as he quipped and harangued his way across the country, the public took his measure. No discerning observer had ever taken him for a Hitler, but now the public could see for itself that, though certainly no friend of the free-enterprise society, this character was less of a menace to it than some of its loudest proponents. His professions of peaceful intent, credible simply as a matter of self-interest, were not belied by his looks and speeches. Most important, he emerged as an antagonist who could be dealt with at the conference table.

The American public showed its essential level-headedness in its response to Khrushchev. It did not exhibit any fulsome enthusiasm, but as his image reappeared on the TV screens most observers came over to the view that he and the 200 million other Soviet subjects could probably be endured on the same planet. The change from horror to casual friendliness came about in a symbolic time and place, as the visitor passed over the mountain ridge between the region which always manages to show off our silliest traits, to the city which, with equal consistency, makes the best impression on both the foreigner and the civilized native.

The Nugget of Truth

One of the least advertised glories of our vast, complicated, expensive, far-ranging system of mass communications is that, if one is patient enough, digs long enough and deeply enough, it is usually possible to discover the nugget of truth about the important issue of the moment. Such a nugget is the report of the Committee on Government Operations on conditions in Laos (June 15, 1959, House Report No. 546). Here are a few conclusions, as summarized:

1. That American aid was pumped into Laos faster than the economy could absorb thereby causing (a) an excessive foreign-exchange reserve, reaching at one point $40 million, equal to a year's aid; (b) inflation, doubling the cost of living from 1953 to 1958; and (c) profiteering on a vast scale.

2. Much of the overspending was the direct result of a determination to maintain a 25,000 man Lao Army despite contrary recommendations by the Joint Chiefs of Staff (the decision was made by the State Department).

3. American aid was concentrated in the area around Vientiane and other centers of population despite the fact that Laos is a nation of villages and the subsequent enrichment of Vientiane merchants tended to discredit the entire program as "unrealistic" and "corrupt."

4. Neither the director of the U. S. Mission nor his successor showed any awareness of the real state of affairs in Laos.

5. Minor items include: proof of the acceptance of bribes by American officials from American firms dealing with the mission; the emergence of American personnel from the mission as officials of contracting firms shortly after they had participated in awarding lucrative contracts to these same firms; petty pilfering, as when the former director of the American mission, on returning to the States, sold his Cadillac for an inflated price to a firm which held contracts with the mission, etc.

This is only a sample of the charges. In a word, the chaos in Laos is, in no small measure, a direct con-

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sequence of a misguided, incompetently administered and, in some respects, a corrupt American economic- and military-aid program. A nugget of truth, the report can be obtained from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. One can only regret — and wonder why — it was not published in full by the American press when the current difficulties in Laos began.

Pie in the Sky?

Total disarmament within four years — Mr. Khrushchev's proposal before a hushed audience at the United Nations — received no applause when made, although there was polite hand-clapping at the termination of his speech. The proposal was received without enthusiasm not because the people of the world reject the idea of disarmament, but because they don't trust the good faith of Mr. Khrushchev. "The same old propaganda stuff," said newsmen.

Later commentators rediscovered the wonderful notion that tensions between nations, not armaments, are the cause of wars. This school of historical analysis found a voice in Secretary Herter, who said, "Nations will insist on going to war with each other, even with knives." Perhaps so. Speaking subjectively, we would greatly prefer to fight a war with knives than with nuclear bombs. And we challenge the "arms don't make wars" school of history to name quickly the first five wars that come to mind where totally unarmed nations went to war against each other.

Is "total disarmament within four years" the same old stuff? Perhaps. But let's test it. We know how many submarines the Rusians have and we make no secret of what we have. The Russians have, in fact, about twice as many as we do. Let's offer to sail all of ours to a neutral port and turn them over, for destruction, to a U.N. commission — provided the Russians do likewise. Soviet reaction would go a long way toward revealing whether Khrushchev's speech was indeed the "same old stuff." But until we make some such counter-proposal, as radical as Khrushchev's and yet practical, the world is likely to remain in doubt.

By Way of Clarification

Two issues raised in Mr. Frank Altschul's thoughtful communication in this week's Letters column (see inside front cover) call for clarification. *The Nation's* editors would, of course, agree that "even the most benighted industrialist" would prefer the most severe economic setback to the catastrophic destruction that a nuclear war would bring. But this does not dispose of the point in our editorial to which Mr. Altschul addresses himself. While no responsible American wants war, a great many Americans feel that war is more or less inevitable despite our efforts to avoid it. They conclude, therefore, and quite logically, that even a temporary reduction in tensions would be dangerous, since it might lead to a reduction from the level of preparedness which they regard as essential. And the same assumption leads to a corollary conclusion, namely, that any negotiation would be dangerous almost to the degree that it was successful. We do not believe, nor have we ever implied, that those who share this assumption want war.

On the second issue, Mr. Altschul contends that the transition from a high level of armament expenditures to the lower levels to which disarmament might lead could be made "without much more than a temporary setback." This may be so, but a large number of American industrialists do not agree. Alfred D. Cook, editor of *Electronic News,* reports (September 21) that "a halt in defense production would most certainly affect the industry and call for adjustments of a major type" in the view of the leaders of the industry. "The cutback of a major missile program," asserts Dr. Alan M. Glover, a vice president of Radio Corporation of America (*Wall Street Journal,* September 15), "could put this [semiconductor] industry into a tremendous reorganization period." Senators Humphrey, Cooper and McCarthy, among other Senators, have recently voiced their concern that "any change in the military program, or reduction in defense procurement will have a serious effect on employment." In forty selected industrial centers where there were 1,500 or more aircraft workers, this industry accounted for 30 per cent of the job loss from May, 1957, to May, 1959 (*Congressional Record,* September 3, 1959, p. A-7687). The cancellation by the Defense Department on August 11, 1959, of contracts with five companies to develop a high-energy aircraft fuel resulted in the loss of an estimated 2,000 jobs.

It is true, of course, that the effects of arms cutbacks can be offset by intelligent planning and timely action, but the magnitude of the problem is self-evident (see "The Economic Hazards of Arms Reduction," *The Nation,* March 28, 1959). We have no doubt, at least in theory, that the transition can be made, but we agree with Senator Humphrey that the question of disarmament "cannot be treated in a vacuum when two-thirds of the federal budget is devoted to defense spending.

The Siren Call

When the authorities in Chicago turned on the air-raid sirens to celebrate the victory of the White Sox in the American League pennant race, they admitted more than any critic of the civil-defense setup had ever charged. The worst that had been said was that air-raid drills were a form of conditioning for war. It was generally assumed, however, that officials involved in such drills took their jobs seriously. In Chicago at least, this is obviously too charitable a view; the sirens went

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off, and under the circumstances it does not seem important whether the order to use them came from civil-defense authorities or — as it is alleged — from the Fire Department. The only conclusion one can draw is that the people in charge don't believe a word they say, and the system itself is just another boondoggle.

As for the nervous citizens who swamped the telephone lines to inquire whether the Russian bombers were coming, evidently those responsible felt they should have been rejoicing over the fame and glory which had come to the city, instead of succumbing to morbid fancies over an imaginary enemy.

Small Beer

The State of Tennessee, or parts thereof, has been gunning for the Highlander Folk School of Monteagle for years. The school has been called subversive, immoral and conducive to riotous behavior; it has not been accused of practicing and advocating racial integration, though that it does so is what really riles its neighbors.

Most recently, the State Attorney General, A. F. Sloan, petitioned to have the school padlocked on the grounds that it engaged in buying, storing and selling beer and whiskey, and had been the scene of disturbing, boisterous and disorderly conduct and of lewd, immoral and unchaste practices. On September 16, after three days of hearings, Judge J. J. Chattin, presiding in the circuit court, threw out all but one of the allegations on the most basic of grounds: "no proof at all whatever."

It is clear that the Highlander people most unwisely sold some beer, the proceeds going into a "revolving fund." That was against a local law, and the administration building in which the sales took place will be padlocked, temporarily, until November 2, when Attorney General Sloan will again return to battle.

Judge Chattin, summing up, said: "Sometimes I shudder at what I have to do to enforce the law as a judge." It was an apology by an honest man to a group whose tribulations stem, he recognizes, from their insistence on obeying the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

KEY TO INDO-CHINESE TENSION

'FIVE FINGERS OF TIBET'.. *by Michael Brecher*

THE YEAR 1959 marks the end of an era in Sino-Indian relations. No longer are delegations from Peking greeted with the friendly chant, *"Hindi-Sini Bhai-Bhai, Hindi-Sini Bhai-Bhai."* No longer is the Indian Ambassador accorded the privileged status held by Sardar Panikkar in the dark days of the Korean War. The Chinese Embassy in Delhi has been the scene of hostile demonstrations. The press of both countries, which had long extolled the virtues of *Panch Sheel* (the "Five Principles"), now hurl charges of aggression at each other. On the eve of the tenth anniversary of the Communist conquest of power in China, the relations between the two giants of Asia have reached their nadir.

The key to the rapid deterioration of Sino-Indian friendship is Tibet, that remote, fabled land in the Himalayas which, for centuries, had performed the important function of buffer state between China and India. Its status in international law was almost as vague as its territory was inaccessible, though Chinese suzerainty was acknowledged — by the Tibetans, the British Raj in India and the Russians — in return for a Chinese assurance of Tibet's autonomy. The actual relationship of Tibet and China can be described thus: whenever the central government in China was strong and united, the suzerainty element in the formula was stressed; when China was weak, the autonomy element came to the fore. In 1949, Lhasa expelled the Chinese Nationalist Mission and hoped its autonomy would be respected. The following year, however, a victorious Communist regime asserted its control by force and, in the process, claimed full sovereignty.

This was the first rude shock to India, a blow that was sharpened by Peking's charge of Indian collusion with "Western imperialism" and the blunt warning to stay out of China's "domestic affairs." In the larger interests of both countries, however, the friction was abated; the Chinese acknowledged India's special interest in the fate of Tibet, along with Lhasa's historic claim to autonomy; India, for its part, affirmed Chinese suzerainty over the huge, sparsely populated "Roof of the World," which has great strategic importance for both countries. All this was embodied in a Chinese-Tibetan agreement of 1951 and again in the Sino-Indian treaty of 1954 which first set down the Five Principles of Coexistence as the basis of relations between the two countries. The friendship was strengthened by Nehru's visit to China in 1955, Chou En-lai's three visits to India in 1954 and 1956, India's help in making China respectable within the Asian family of nations, and their mutual support of the idea of coexistence.

It is no wonder, then, that many people were taken unawares by the Tibetan revolt last spring and the Dalai Lama's exciting trek across the forbidding terrain of his moun-

MICHAEL BRECHER, author of Nehru: a Political Biography *(Oxford), teaches political science at McGill University.*

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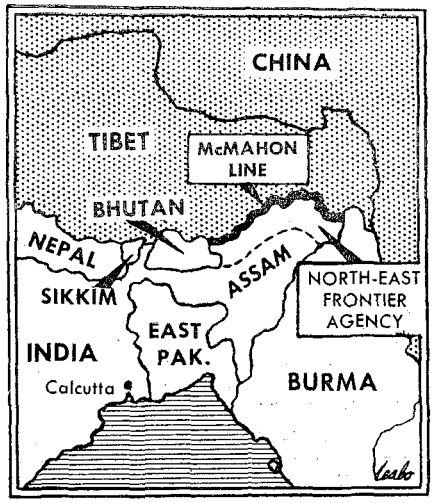
tainous land to the North East Frontier Agency of Assam — an area that was to occupy the center of the stage six months later. It is well to recall the events of 1950-51 and the Lhasa uprising in early 1959, for it is only in that context that the border clashes can be understood. Indeed, the crucial role of Tibet in the larger scheme of Indo-Chinese tension is most strikingly revealed by the harsh tone of Chinese allegations last spring, compared with their conciliatory attitude in the present border dispute.

While the Dalai Lama was eluding Chinese troops, Peking Radio accused India of complicity in the revolt by harboring "imperialist agents" in the frontier town of Kalimpong. Adding insult to stupidity, it warned the Indian Parliament not to discuss the Tibetan question. It also openly attacked Nehru's daughter and his sister. The Prime Minister's reaction was swift and sharp. "We shall discuss whatever we wish," he retorted. He also expressed sympathy for the Tibetans and rebuked the Chinese for violating their pledge, in the 1951 treaty, to respect Tibet's autonomy. For weeks this exchange continued. Peking persisted with the absurd thesis that the Dalai Lama had been abducted and was being held in India under duress.

Even the Indian Prime Minister was not spared Peking's anger, which was expressed in an 11,000-word article entitled "The Revolution in Tibet and Nehru's Philosophy." The tone, for the most part, was restrained, even respectful — "We feel greatly distressed at being forced now to argue with Mr. Nehru" — but the substance was unmistakable: "China enjoys full sovereignty over the Tibet region. . . . No interference . . . under whatever pretext or in whatever form will be tolerated." Ominous was the implied threat to India's territorial integrity, expressed in the form of a question: "Could not a people's committee to support Assam be set up . . . under the pretext of ancient religious and cultural links?"

This article was published early in May, 1959. By the beginning of August, border clashes in the North East Frontier Agency of Assam heralded a further assault on the gravely weakened ties of friendship between Delhi and Peking. Viewed in this context, the current tension in the Himalayas is not an unexpected eruption, but an outgrowth of the Tibetan imbroglio.



THE HIMALAYAN frontier between Asia's two Great Powers extends for almost 2,000 miles, from Sinkiang to the northern tip of Burma. As long as Tibet was free from Chinese occupation, India's "Northern Wall" was secure, for there was no direct contact with China proper, except in the uninhabited Kashmir-Sinkiang area. Since 1950, however, the strategic map of "inner Asia" has changed, to the marked disadvantage of India. Chinese troops have held the "Roof of the World" and have stood at the gates of the Indian subcontinent. The suppression of the Tibet revolt last spring and the deterioration in Sino-Indian relations which followed only made this geopolitical fact more significant.

The spark to the current phase of tension was a series of three incidents in the North East Frontier Agency, the forbidding homeland of primitive Naga tribesmen, some of whom were engaged in rebellion against Delhi for the right of self-determination. What gives these skirmishes special interest is the fact that present Chinese maps show 22,000 of the 30,000 square miles of NEFA as Chinese territory. They also give parts of Bhutan and Ladakh to China. Delhi has long been annoyed by what it terms "cartographic aggression" and has repeatedly requested the Chinese to revise their maps, but to no avail. Beyond this, Nehru told Parliament, there was mounting evidence of China's bad faith.

The historic gate between India and Tibet has been virtually closed since the summer — to both trade and pilgrims. Furthermore, the Chinese built a military road from Tibet to Sinkiang — across the Ladakh part of Kashmir — without India's permission, and even arrested an Indian patrol in the area. In Lhasa, the Chinese have encircled the Indian Consulate, with the result that Indian citizens are unable to seek its protection. Finally, the Chinese appear to be attempting to denationalize long-time Indian residents of the Tibetan capital by disputing the continued validity of their Indian citizenship. All this, coupled with concern for the security of the three weak border kingdoms, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, led to anxiety among officials in Delhi.

China's links with these states and peoples—"the five fingers of Tibet," as Chinese expansionists call them — provide ample reason for concern. The Ladakh region of Kashmir belonged to Tibet until 1840, and the majority of its people are Buddhists who look to Lhasa for cultural inspiration. Nepal paid an annual tribute to Peking until the middle of the nineteenth century. Bhutan, too, was long a tributary of China, and half its people are Buddhists closely tied to the Tibetans. Moreover, even now it can be reached by land only via Tibet. (A hasty decision to construct four roads to India was taken in Delhi in mid-September.) As for the NEFA area of Assam, the Chinese have never formally accepted India's claim to ownership, based upon the McMahon Line.

THE BORDER kingdoms now fall within India's sphere of influence. In Nepal, the largest of the three, with a population of about ten million, Delhi has established a position of predominance. It controls all Nepal's airfields, an Indian military mission trains the two-division army, Indian leadership in foreign policy is acknowledged; and the party in power, the Nepali Congress, draws its ideas from its Indian counterpart. New

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roads connecting Nepal with India facilitate the rapid deployment of military aid. Chinese diplomatic approaches in the past few years have been firmly rebuffed, and there is no Chinese mission in Katmandu. Sikkim has been an Indian protectorate since 1949. Delhi provides its 140,000 people with civil servants, roads, economic aid, military security and even a Prime Minister.

India's hegemony in Bhutan has been established by a 1954 treaty under which Bhutan accepts India's "advice" in foreign affairs. The plan to build link roads to India, economic and military aid, and the loan of civil servants, has cemented the relationship.

At the very outset of the current border tension, Nehru proclaimed India's determination to defend Bhutan and Sikkim against any foreign encroachments. Peking apparently took him seriously, for in a note to the Indian Prime Minister on September 8, Chou En-lai accepted the territorial integrity of the two principalities and India's special, i.e. paramount, relationship with them. Nepal, too, may be deemed a *de facto* Indian protectorate, in the light of Nehru's statements, as early as 1951, that "We cannot allow the Himalayan barrier to be penetrated because that would be a risk to our own security." It is also clear from Nehru's statements to Parliament last month that the intrusion of Chinese power into Ladakh is not regarded as serious, for this territory has never been clearly demarcated from Sinkiang.

The nub of the dispute, then, is the legality of the McMahon Line, which extends for 800 miles from Bhutan to Burma. It was drawn in 1914 to demarcate the frontier be-

THE CAPTAIN QUOTES CONFUCIUS . . *by C. P. FitzGerald*

Canberra

THE People's Republic of China and the Indian Republic find themselves today involved in a dispute which is not of their making, but directly inherited from their imperialist predecessors. In the year 1908, the Manchu Empire, then in the last stages of decline, gave a sudden flicker of imperial power. In that year a certain official named Chao Erh-feng was appointed Imperial Resident in Tibet, took command of a small but relatively well-armed force (armed with rifles) and rapidly conquered Tibet, which was a nominal tributary of the Manchu Throne.

Chao Erh-feng was a Chinese Bannerman, that is to say the descendant of one of the Chinese families settled in Manchuria who had submitted to the Manchus before the latter conquered China within the Wall. The reason for this sudden incursion into Tibet was to counter the steady increase in British influence to which this country had become subject. The Dalai Lama, the temporal ruler of Tibet, fled to India, thus setting a precedent which his next Incarnation was one day to follow.

Tibet was occupied by a Chinese army, the administration was reorganized on Chinese lines, and placed in the hands of Chinese officials.

Having settled the affairs of Tibet, the new Resident, Chao Erh-feng, next turned his attention to the frontiers, which then, as now, were only vaguely drawn and not demarcated on the ground. He began to push out patrols towards the borders of the Indian province of Assam, and soon the British government of India decided that these border patrols were trespassing. The British also sent out patrols, under the command of experienced officers, to establish border posts and contest the Chinese incursions, peacefully if possible. One of these patrols was commanded by a Captain in the Indian Army, an Englishman who had a remarkable knowledge of the Chinese language.

THE COUNTRY is wild and difficult. High steep mountains descend almost vertically into narrow valleys, in which there is no flat land. The rivers can rise with sudden spates sweeping away everything in the valley. After traveling for several days in this dangerous region the British patrol came upon a small piece of land flat enough to make a camp. And there they found, newly erected, a fine granite boundary stone, marked "The limit of the Great Ch'ing Empire set up by the Viceroy Chao Erh-feng." It was, in the British view, many miles within India.

The question of just where the frontier was, and how it was to be identified, was then engaging the leisurely attention of British diplomats in Peking and their opposite numbers from the Tsung Li Yamen, the Imperial Foreign Office. British Indian border patrols had been instructed not to try to drive out Chinese patrols by force, or use any violence, but to report on their activities. So the new stone must not be moved; yet it was a great pity to have come so far and found such an interesting proof of Chinese trespass without in some way recording the fact. The British captain therefore ordered his Sergeant-artificer to chisel certain Chinese characters onto the back of the Chinese boundary stone. They read, in translation, "What a pleasant thing it is to welcome strangers from a far-off land," — a well-known Confucian saying.

The British patrol then marched back to base in Assam. Before long, Chinese scouts having reported their presence, a Chinese patrol later arrived on the scene to find out what the British had been up to. Highly intrigued at the new inscription, they made a rubbing of it, and sent this to the Viceroy Chao Erh-feng. Like all Confucian scholars and officials, Chao Erh-feng appreciated a joke, especially if it was a Chinese literary joke, and he in turn sent the rubbing up to Peking. Soon the diplomats had new material for negotiation, and the question of whether such tampering with boundary stones did, or did not, amount to cultural aggression, was smilingly debated.

The question was never resolved, for a few months later the Chinese republican revolution broke out; Chao Erh-feng was murdered by revolutionaries in Cheng Tu, his army in Tibet isolated by a Tibetan rebellion and the revolution behind them, and no further Chinese forces approached the Indo-Tibetan border for fifty years. The incessant landslides and frequent earthquakes of this region have no doubt long since buried the famous boundary stone, but it does not seem that the problem itself has yet been interred.

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tween India and Tibet and was formalized by the Simla Convention, an agreement between British India (represented by Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, for whom the line was named), Tibet and China. The legal difficulty arises from the fact that while the Chinese delegation initialed the convention, the Chinese Government of the day did not ratify it. Now, forty-five years later, Peking terms the McMahon Line "a historical leftover," a product of British "aggression against the Tibet region of China" and, as such, unacceptable to China without further investigation "in the light of historic relations and present realities."

Nehru was annoyed by what he termed Chinese rigidity, arrogance, the claim to Indian territory, and the imputation that India has inherited "imperialistic" policies. More in sorrow than anger, he told Parliament on September 10 that the Chinese Premier had assured him in a conversation in 1956 that while he didn't think the McMahon Line was valid, China would recognize it because of long usage and in consideration of Sino-Indian friendship. (Foreign Minister Chen Yi later informed the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress that Nehru had "regrettably" misinterpreted Chou En-lai's remarks; they were, he said, that while China could not recognize the McMahon Line, Chinese troops would not cross it.) Obviously hurt by what he termed Chinese double talk, Nehru lashed out: "How has China grown so big and great? Did it spring from the head of Brahma or was it by Chinese imperialism?" Lest Peking have any doubt about his policy, he reaffirmed his commitment to the McMahon Line (with possible minor adjustments) for it is "right by usage, right by treaty and right by geography." At the same time Nehru ruled out war and offered to settle the dispute by negotiation. Chou En-lai agreed and proposed maintenance of the status quo (with China in possession of the disputed frontier post at Longju) pending a settlement of boundary differences "methodically, step-by-step" through peaceful negotiations. There the matter stands.

Peking's conciliatory attitude coincided with a most unusual intervention from Moscow. On September 9, Tass called for a quick and peaceful solution of the border dispute. It straddled the fence on the vital issue of Indian and Chinese claims to the territory, termed the tension deplorable and accused certain Western interests of trying to use the incident to fan the flames of the cold war. Coming on the heels of Nehru's invitation to Eisenhower to visit India and on the eve of the Khrushchev tour of the United States, the Soviet move had two objectives: to stave off a likely Indian move towards a more pro-Western policy and to create a healthy climate for the Washington talks. The latter goal seems to have been achieved, for all is quiet in the Himalayas. The Soviets were undoubtedly annoyed by Mao's probing of India's "Northern Wall" at this time. Moreover, they are not prepared to antagonize the key to the uncommitted world over some useless mountain terrain. In any event, the Soviet mediation effort destroys the view of many in North America that the Himalayan border tension was hatched in Moscow. Indeed, everything points to its source in Peking.

WHAT, then, caused the Chinese to antagonize their most powerful neighbor and their most steadfast friend in the non-Communist world? Many attributed it to Chinese chagrin at the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks, to the fear that Chinese interests might be sacrificed, and to the desire to undermine the informal summit meeting. Hence the timing and the choice of India, the only neighbor large enough to cause concern in the West and possibly prevent the talks from being held, or at least from being fruitful. This thesis must now be discarded in the light of the conciliatory tone in Peking and the lull in the Himalayas. There is no evidence, either, to support the view that China's probing operation represented a diversion from economic problems at home.

Rather, the explanation must be sought in terms of the Tibetan revolt, India's grant of asylum to the Dalai Lama and 13,000 Tibetan refugees, and the further annoyance with Delhi stemming from the Dalai Lama's political activities. The fact that Nehru refuses to raise or support the Tibetan case at the U.N. is insufficient. Peking is angry that he does not curb the Tibetan God-King's contact with foreign states through their embassies in the Indian capital. Marshal Chen Yi stressed this point in his statement to the Standing Committee.

The current dispute will not lead to war between India and China. Indeed, India continues to recognize Tibet as part of China and continues to support Peking's admission to the United Nations, despite the border tension. But something has changed. The mutual trust and harmony of the past ten years have been seriously undermined by the Tibetan revolt last spring and even more so by the thrust into the North East Frontier Agency. This process is likely to continue.

IT WOULD be rash, however, to assume that fundamental changes in Indian foreign policy are likely to occur in the near future. The view that neutralism has been revealed as an illusion is wishful thinking. More, it is a dangerous misreading of the reasons for India's non-alignment. Suffice it to note India's geo-political position in Asia, its proximity to the Soviet Union and its lengthy frontier with China. It is also worth noting that India's leaders are convinced non-alignment fulfills a historic role as a bridge between East and West. It is not a flimsy, ephemeral foreign policy to be swept aside at will. It is a policy rooted in Indian thought and calculated to serve India's vital interests and, it is believed, world interests as well. The latest evidence for this belief is Nehru's reaffirmation of non-alignment as the basis of policy during his visits to Afghanistan and Iran. And yet, greater caution *vis-à-vis* China is a certain outcome of the present tension.

One other observation is in order. Whatever the motives for China's action, it would have been much more difficult for it to cause tension were Peking fully accepted in the international community and subject to the pressures of the U.N.

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Democrats Seek New Faces . . *by Godfrey Sperling, Jr.*

Kansas City, Mo.

"I PREDICT," Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan told his fellow Democratic leaders at the recent Midwest Democratic Conference, "that there will be a Republican President in the White House in 1960 unless the Democratic Party presents a genuine liberal alternative to zig-zagging Republican middle-of-the-roadism."

In a sense the Governor, although undoubtedly seeking to further the Presidential ambitions of an eager, as yet unannounced liberal candidate by the name of Williams, was putting his finger on the astonishing dilemma in which his own party now finds itself: Barely a year after its sweeping Congressional victory of 1958, it is already ridden with frustrations.

The Williams prophecy was taken lightly at the conference, probably because the Governor himself is taken lightly as a candidate. But some Democrats are treating just as casually another and more popular liberal candidate — Senator Hubert Humphrey. "Neither Williams nor Humphrey is acceptable to the South," is the perfunctory way these two men are disposed of by Democratic leaders who will have a lot to say at the convention. But this is only the beginning of the party's difficulties. Chats with many Democrats of various persuasions reveal that there isn't a single possible candidate — liberal, semi-liberal, or conservative — who at this time is generating genuine and wide enthusiasm in political circles. True, it is early yet; but one senses, listening to Democrats talk, a basic indecisiveness that may carry over to the convention itself. Many Democrats are already talking about the possibility of the convention reaching a deadlock.

What if a deadlock occurs? Talk persists that, in such an event, Adlai E. Stevenson may be drafted. But understandably, from the point of view of the professionals, there is little enthusiasm for elevating a two-time loser to the candidacy.

One measure of the problem — hinted at in the prophecy of Governor Williams — is the surprisingly open Democratic respect being accorded to one of the Republican's possible candidates, Governor Nelson Rockefeller. To the press at the Midwest conference here, former President Truman spoke glowingly of Rockefeller. "I like him," he said. "He used to work for me. He's a very fine gentleman. He has only one handicap — he's a Republican."

Then a big Truman smile. In another press conference, Senator Symington tossed an accolade toward a man he might conceivably be opposing at the polls next year: "Rockefeller is a fine gentleman," the Senator said.

Implicit in these remarks, and in those of many other Democrats these days, is envy of a Republican Party that has such an appealing new political figure to draw upon next year — whatever, in the end, the Republicans decide to do with their "new face."

THIS points to the most significant political development of the Midwest Democratic Conference. In the corridors, the need for a "new Democratic face" was talked about seriously for perhaps the first time at any Democratic conclave. A few of Stevenson's past supporters are mentioning the name of Chester Bowles. The argument for Bowles is interesting, since it outlines the requisites for any "new face" that might finally emerge: he is a liberal who might be acceptable to all Democratic factions.

At this point, Mr. Bowles can boast support among only a few "eggheads," all of them lesser lights in the Democratic Party. But the mere mention of his name is startling when contrasted with the protracted absence of "new-face" candidates since Governor Meyner was talked about in that context some time ago.

Today, Meyner can be included in the long list of Democratic possibilities who fail to evoke the sort of national enthusiasm that the Democratic Party is looking for. Kennedy? Symington? Johnson? Humphrey? Brown? A case can be made that there is at least one major political objection to each of these men. With Kennedy and Brown there is the religious question, which may or may not be a weakness at the polls. With Johnson, the weakness is unacceptability in the North; with Humphrey, it is unacceptability in the South; and with respect to Symington, there is the growing suspicion that although the Missouri Senator is rated No. 2 among the Democratic Presidential possibilities throughout much of the United States, voters generally will never accept him as No. 1. Several Missouri Democrats, who say they like Symington personally and feel he has been a good Senator, have said to me, in effect: "I'm sorry, but I can't see Symington as President. Outside of defense, what does he really stand for?"

ON THE eve of a Presidential year, the Democratic Party appears to be measurably off balance. This can be seen in the in-fighting between National Chairman Paul Butler and the Democratic majority leaders in Congress; it can be seen in the political frustrations that have accompanied President Eisenhower's "veto control" of a Democratically controlled Congress. (Mr. Truman said of this phenomenon: "This has made it appear that the Congress — with a Democratic majority — has, in fact, sustained President Eisenhower." Mr. Truman went on to say that in this

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case appearances were deceitful, but his admission, in itself, underscored the inability of the Democrats to make much political capital out of their Congressional majority.)

The way things looked in the fall of 1958, the Democrats were expecting to roll right on from their smashing Congressional victory into the Presidency. After all, "Eisenhower the unbeatable" would no longer be around. Furthermore, there were more registered Democrats in the country than there were Republicans. The year 1960 looked like the big chance for the Democrats to come back in. And it still may be. For despite the unforeseen frustrations of the moment, the Democrats may well be able to rally behind an "old" or a "new" face attractive enough to defeat any Republican opponent.

But the fact that the Democrats are experiencing doubts at a moment when optimism might well have been expected is a political development of no little consequence.

Granted, most of the views expressed herein are of Midwest origin. But, as Democratic strategists on the national level admit, this is the area that will have the strongest voice in naming the party's Presidential candidate.

Political strategists will point out that it is here in the Midwest that the great Democratic upsurge in the last decade has taken place. The fact is reflected spectacularly in the count of Governors from the thirteen states represented at the Midwest conference: ten Democrats and three Republicans. This is the area that once was known as the cradle of Republican Presidents. Today even Ohio has a Democratic Governor and two Democratic Senators. In place of Jenner of Indiana, there is Hartke; where McCarthy once ruled in Wisconsin, there is now Proxmire; where Bricker once held sway in Ohio, there is Young.

IT IS HERE in the Midwest, too, where much of the Democratic campaign money will be spent in 1960 in an effort to maintain this upward trend. Fully 50 per cent of the "marginal" Congressional districts (those where 5 per cent or less of the vote separated the candidates in 1958) are located in these thirteen states. Also reflecting the Midwest's new ascendancy to power in the Democratic Party is the candidacy of Stevenson in the past two elections and the fact that the party's leading functionaries and leaders — Butler, Truman and Stevenson — all hail from the Midwest.

Thus, in the end, the Democratic Party's Presidential nominee in 1960 is likely to be either a Midwesterner or one who has the enthusiastic blessing of this powerful bloc of states. And if indecision on the 1960 standard-bearer turns out to be mainly centered and most pronounced among Midwestern Democrats, perhaps the talk here of the need for a "new face" will ultimately turn out to be not altogether idle.

But whatever takes place at the Democratic National Convention, the fact remains that late in the threshold year, the Democrats are having some unexpected troubles. It is said, of course, that Democrats love to get into shape for fighting Republicans by fighting each other first. If this is so, the Democrats should be razor sharp for the battle of November, 1960.

Walpurgis Night at Carnegie Hall.. *Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.*

WHILE Nikita Khrushchev was being feted by Rockefellers, Harrimans, Watsons and other arch agents of capitalism, and greeted by the aging gilded youth of Santa Barbara, a gallant little band of intransigents tossed a semi-private *Totentanz* (two of them, in fact) in Carnegie Hall, protesting the Presence upon our shores. The first, sponsored jointly by the Crusade for America and the *National Review*, was a real hootenanny; the second, hosted by the American Friends of the Captive Nations, laid something of an egg.

Despite the black flags and black arm bands, hawked like Yale pennants along with the collected works of Whittaker Chambers, Joseph McCarthy and James Burnham, there was, for the first of these occasions, an almost festive air around the hall. The gang was, after all, all here, as a quick glance at the bar would prove. I ran into old friends from the Christian Nationalist Crusade, the National Renaissance Party, Freedom Fighters, Inc., and the American Jewish League Against Communism, as well as new-found ones from the Crusade and the Captives. It was, to understate the case considerably, a most curious *frente popular*. Many of the tickets had been sold in blocks, a fact which brought about a good many interesting ethnic juxtapositions in the audience. I noted one group of earnest young Jews, apparently college students, sandwiched uncomfortably between a gang of Yorkville toughs and a phalanx of those grand old men of the religious tolerance movement, the Polish and Lithuanian *émigrés*.

Unable to choose among the hall's various delights, I settled for a quickie with a friend in the bar, then rushed up to a press box where my immediate neighbors were Bill Buckley, Mrs. Joseph McCarthy and an Orthodox priest who looked like a road-company Archbishop Makarios.

On the speakers' platform were such stalwarts as C. D. Batcheller, the *Daily News* cartoonist; Dr. J. B. Matthews, an alumnus of the House Un-American Activities Committee who had had the perspicacity to discover that the Protestant clergy was sowing the seeds of subversion; and Roy Brewer, the old Hollywood denouncer. Brewer looked somber most of the evening, but brightened eventually when the heart-warming

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news reached him that such movieland intellectuals as Ronald Reagan and Adolphe Menjou had refused to break bread with The Butcher. (Ward Bond also found that his duties on *Wagon Train* would prevent him from greeting the Soviet Premier.) Also introduced were a former counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union and the editor of the *N.A.M. News*. I had missed the name of one man on the patform, a model of distinguished boredom, and asked a neighbor, who had been identified as "a patron," if the gentleman in question might be Ham Fish. I got, for my pains, a dirty look and the information that Ham Fish had turned traitor by joining Eleanor Roosevelt and others of her stripe in welcoming Khrushchev to the country. The *ennui*-stricken daissitter, who turned out to be Christopher Emmet, never did gain interest, but he did add a little badly needed tone to the platform. This group was joined later on by Dr. Bela Fabian, the professional Freedom Fighter and pixieish picket, who played counterpoint to Mr. Emmet on the tonal scale. While these forces gathered on the platform, someone who might have been Ethel Smith, but wasn't, rendered some jazzbo hymns and dirges on an immense organ.

William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review*, opened the meeting, and when I noted the name of "this outstanding clergyman" who was about to give the invocation, I knew that things were off to a roaring start. The man of the cloth was, of course, Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, indefatigable head of the Jewish League Against Communism. Ben was in good form and gave The Butcher what-for.

WHEN BEN is at the top of his form, following him to the rostrum is like coming to the plate after Babe Ruth, and who today remembers Myril Hoag? This was Daniel Buckley's lot. Buckley, who has no visible connections with the *National Review* clan, formerly worked for the Jenner committee and is now executive director of Crusade for America. He tried gamely but lamely. Ben had the indian sign on him, and he was reduced to little more than urging continuation of the cold war and saluting the dentists of America for their brave hold-out in the Waldorf ballroom. (He had, presumably, forgiven or forgotten Dr. Irving Peress, the "subversive" driller from Jackson Heights.)

The next act, a real rouser, got the nod from me as the high point of the evening. "Dr." Ruth Alexander, Washington, D.C., columnist for the *New York Mirror*, would have been, I think, the event's star performer in anybody's book. She attacked the Eisenhower, Truman and Roosevelt administrations, called F.D.R. a "rainy-day plutocrat," and referred to Eleanor as "his buck-toothed bride." The audience cheered. As *lagniappe*, she called Karl Marx a dirty old man "who used to scratch himself in the British Museum" instead of getting a job like an honest man. She was a real showstopper, and I, for one, was sorry to see her finally trip down from the platform.

IT WAS, however, time for Bill Buckley, the *National Review's* young, controversial and rather engaging editor. Buckley possesses that thousand-mile stare cultivated by all zealots, and can be a real stem-winder, but there were few fireworks on this occasion. He delivered a speech rote, even to an "aha," from an editorial in his magazine, and stood on tippy-toe during the entire recital, a disconcerting habit at best. He did warrant a few laughs, mostly at the expense of New York's Mayor Wagner (who had refused to greet King Saud but tossed a civic reception for Khrushchev), but lost a good part of his audience when he declared that Jews in Russia were no more discriminated against than any other religious group. (This was an error, both factual and tactical, but Buckley's saving grace is his visible honesty.)

Buckley speaks a sort of standard Grotonese, even as FDR did, although there are those on both sides (including, I feel sure, Buckley) who will consider the comparison odious in the extreme. I have been rather impressed by his cleverness in debates, but this was scarcely an impressive speech. He may have been off his feed.

Damon, in the person of Buckley, gave way to Pythias in the form of one L. Brent Bozell, Buckley's friend, confidant, collaborator and brother-in-law. If Buckley sounds like Roosevelt, Bozell looks like a healthier, more cornball Harry Hopkins; his manner can best be described as "painfully sincere." He had not much to say, and said it none too well, but he did make the pitch for the collection. During this churchly interval (complete with organ music), I headed for a drink, rather sheepishly until I discovered that even the faithful were cutting out for the bar instead of facing the unknown perils of the plate. After dodging the bite successfully, my fellow freeloaders and I ambled back to our seats in time to hear the guest of honor, Joe McCarthy's widow. Once an extremely pretty girl, now verging on the bovine, she seemed tired and unsure of herself. She received a standing ovation and made a short, standard speech. Although her value as a rallying point for the extreme Right is rather limited by her lack of dazzle, Jean McCarthy has come a long way from the gauche little girl who once traded on the slender fact that she and Margaret Truman had been sorority sisters.

THE FINAL PUNDIT was Clarence Manion, former dean of Notre Dame Law School and one-time head of the government Reorganization Commission. His speech, meant for a shocker, reached an audience that was more or less drifting toward the door and the late train home. He advocated the good life and the good death, which is achieved while fighting godless communism. Other speakers had held out for a cold war, but Manion, no parlor Brown, was holding out for a hot one. But the evening had gone on too long, and the audience was too apathetic to cheer this advance.

While Manion was speaking, I tried to buttonhole Bill Buckley for his own impressions of the brouhaha. He had been hovering backstage, *à la* David Belasco. But when I finally spotted him, Pythias had not only his ear but his rapt attention. He was bending down to light Buckley's cigar, so I went out into the audience to have a look around, and got to

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chatting with a striking-looking pair of gentlemen toward the rear. One was an Arab, an Iraqi late of Baghdad who had found it convenient to leave his (captive?) land after Kassim seized power. The other, whom I had at first taken for a Valiant Hungarian, turned out to be a Freedom-loving Romanian. They were in the oil business. The Arab mourned the days of Nuri Pasha, a "strong friend of freedom." The other blamed his country's troubles not particularly on Khrushchev, nor even on communism. When I inquired who the culprit was, he pulled one right out of the hat. "Madame Lupescu," he murmured. "A Jew, you know." None the less, this pair felt good tonight, and I left them with gleams of nostalgia in their eyes, the one possibly for the Baghdad Pact, the other probably for the good old days of the Iron Guard pogroms in Bucharest.

BY THIS time a Father Braun, who had once had a parish in Moscow, was delivering what he called the benediction. He waved the bloody shirt and incited to riot for some ten minutes, but he was no more a match for Ben Schultz than Daniel Buckley had been. Outclassed.

It had been a gathering of a group with no place to go. The offering and the ticket receipts will presumably help to finance the Crusade for America or some other band of leaderless, dispirited and futile souls. It is a movement that was, at its most propitious moment, unable to fill Carnegie Hall: a collection of has-beens, have-nots, fanatics, neurotics and trouble-makers. Buckley, the only one among them with any real leadership quality, falls far short of the mark as a New Man of Power. They are as boring as the American extreme Left, riddled with narrow sectarianism and split by cliques. Some of them are ugly customers, making up what they lack in direction with sheer venom. Among the prominent Americans publicly insulted and hissed by this ragtag, bobtail band were President Eisenhower (cries were heard for his impeachment), Vice President Nixon, Mayor Wagner, Governor Rockefeller and Senator Fulbright. *The New York Times* also came in for a nice, full round of boos.

But while Dick Nixon was booed and the name of Ham Fish made to sound like an epithet, Senator Paul Douglas and George Meany were lustily cheered. Well, it was a topsy-turvy week all over: Mr. K. himself was "thanking God" and offering to swear on the Bible; Harry Truman was seeing Cardinal Cushing and breaking bread with George Bender to save Matt Connolly's scalp. Khrushchev was lunching with Zsa Zsa Gabor and I, for one, would not have batted an eyelash to hear that they had run off together and joined Lowell Birrell in Brazil.

On the way out of Carnegie Hall, I ran into Allen Zoll, an amiable Nationalist from Texas who was sporting a Squadron A rosette. He was beaming and seemed pleasantly surprised to see me. I asked him to count the house, and he said 3,500, a figure the late Joe Jacobs would have called "euphonious." A more accurate figure, 2,700, was given to me by another friend in the house, a comic-book publisher from Connecticut. (Over too many gin-and-tonics, he began berating me for spoofing the Crusade. I eventually got him on a train to Darien, but he was back for Sunday-night turkey cooked up by Christopher Emmet's Friends of the Captive Nations.)

As we filed out, Ethel Smith's stand-in gave us a rousing chorus of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and I overheard a couple of the Jewish colleagues complain of the absence of tact. That note, one of bungling cross-purposes, was the note that set the key for the whole revival. Going out the door, I bumped into Makarios again. "A goot evening," he offered. I wasn't certain whether this was a greeting or a comment but, determined to give as good as I got, I countered with "You ain't just a' whistlin' Dixie, Padre." Perplexed, but not entirely unhappy, he left. And so did I.

THE HAPPINESS RAT RACE . . *by George P. Elliott*

THE FAMOUS, inalienable error is proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson might have been expected to write, in the Lockean spirit of the age, "life, liberty, and property," but I suppose the hypocrisy of that was so crass that it too harshly echoed a black undertruth, "life, bondage, and being property." Something high-sounding and *sincere* was needed. It might have been tacked on as fourth, but slogans thrive on triads; so "property" made room for a more comfortable phrase. Even a slave pursues happiness if it salves you to think so, a nice shiny banjo-banging slave: "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness": much more comfortable.

There's so much unmanageable luck to happiness that it won't be held on to any longer than it wants. "Count no man happy," the chorus said of Oedipus, "till he be dead." Indeed, the moment you grasp happiness like a possession, it alters. "He," said Blake, "who binds to himself a joy/Does the winged life destroy,/But he who kisses the joy as it flies/Lives in eternity's sun rise." To Sophocles and Blake, the world is unreasonable, and the gods meddle in our affairs as it pleases them, not as it pleases us. And Aristotle — who was like our Founding Fathers in that if a god should speak through his lips, his ears would refuse to hear more than human words, and the universe was as reasonable as he could make it — all the same Aristotle defined happiness not as a thing to be sought directly but as the result of a life

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lived in accordance with virtue and blessed with good fortune.

If you live as you ought *and* if you're lucky, then the adjective "happy" may be applied to you. But our FFs turned it into a substance for us to chase like a bird. What to do with the bird of happiness once it's caught? Cage it ("A robin redbreast in a cage/Puts all heaven in a rage"). Eat it. If you're a scientist, dissect it. But catch it, catch it, that's the big idea.

One who thinks of happiness as a thing, can be and wants to be persuaded that there are things for sale to catch it with, prepackaged, worth the money: Listerine, Mum, Joy, a Cadillac, a wall-to-wall split-level ranch-style fully-mechanized $28,000 home, those who care know it costs a few cents more, don't let your loved one suffer from seepage, a gold-plated shower-nozzle for the man who has everything, My Sin, Miltown.

So, since more citizens of this country now have money to buy these snares with than ever before — whether in this or in any other country, this or any other age — it follows that a lot of us ought to be happy. From the point of view of most men, it may look that way; they usually do not have even enough to eat, nor do they know the statistics of our despair, our rates of suicide, divorce, alcoholism, juvenile delinquency, murder, mental illness. Certainly from the point of view of such people as the Russians, who want what we have only more, it must look that way. Amazing, half the world wants to be Los Angeles — the Hollywooded dream, that is, not the actual place in a smog.

Happiness is an official U.S. product all right. We used to promise it wholesale to the poor, the homeless, the huddled masses (*from the right countries*, that is — beware any symbol which is aesthetically as ugly as the Statue of Liberty). Nowadays we quota that promise rigorously, but we are generous with our know-how in devising happiness snares and cages. We export do-it-yourself kits or completely ready-made snares to any country (*any Russia-hating country*) that wants them.

We also have plenty of custom-made items for the domestic trade. The D.C. publicity department says Washington is a summer festival. As Herbert Gold reports, for the admen this is an age of happy problems. According to The Native Sons of the Golden West, God created California to be a paradise for the white man. In New York, the city-owned WNYC signs off every night with a perfect lie in amber: "Where eight million people live in peace and harmony." And if you'll just adulterate your joy with some business, the government will subsidize you in the name of Expense Account.

Well, one thing is certain: from Key West to Puget Sound, from Bar Harbor to Tijuana, up, down and sideways, we do have a lot of fun.

HAVE FUN: possessiveness is part of the very idiom: fun is a bird you can have if you catch. (But only a flicker of a bird — you mustn't squeeze him.)

Not that there's anything wrong with genuine fun. It's as natural and healthful as any other form of play. Four Nebraska farmers pitching horseshoes at a church social, their wives setting out the thermos of lemonade and charcoal-broiling the chicken, their children playing hide-and-go-seek among the cars. Ten or twelve Columbus high school friends in somebody's living room on a snowy Friday night drinking pop and listening to records, from time to time dancing, a few of them ducking into dark corners to kiss. In Indianapolis, kids playing in the water which the firemen let gush from hydrants on a hot day. Driving fast on a Maryland country road. Bridge and coffee in the front room; poker and beer in the kitchen. Fishing. Ball games. Fireworks on the Fourth in the Riverside city park. A block party in East St. Louis, a hundred kids dancing in the street to canned music. The movies.

But this is only a hit-or-miss beginning to a list so huge and various it addles the brains to think of it. And every item on the list is in fact a fun worth enjoying if you take it for what it is, fugitive and not very important. Only puritans would object.

And there's a good share of the trouble: the puritans did, and do, object. They do all they can to pollute the springs of fun.

Take liquor, which has come to have a lot to do with having fun. In Mississippi it cannot be bought legally (Oklahoma went wet just this summer). In three-fourths of the rest of the states of the union, there are restrictions (local option, buyers' licenses, papers to sign) which make you resentful or uneasy every time you buy a bottle, or at least conscious that the law watches you do it. And the public gathering places for drinking! In I don't know how many states, nothing, or nothing more than beer, may be served on the premises. It's scarcely worth trying to get good wine with dinner in a restaurant outside the metropolises, nor in most of the restaurants in them. And what kind of joy is the ordinary cocktail lounge arranged to generate? — a long, straight bar facing bottles and a mirror; backless stools, murk; no games to play but pinball; noise from the TV or the juke-box; no dancing permitted; about the entrance as you turn to go in, an aura of discredit: a meager, thick joy.

"We may not be able," said the pale-eyed Calvinist, "to keep you from sinning, but we'll do what we can to keep you from enjoying it."

So, an act which can be, ought to be, often is pure fun — dancing, for example — may be turned into an occasion of uneasiness and strain simply by being looked at with puritan eyes. And when the dancers themselves so look, then the trouble goes far deeper. They may quit dancing entirely, or, quite as bad, they may dance in flagrant defiance of conscience. In this latter case, much liquor may be needed to keep the psyche quiet. (In Washington, D.C., where psyches need quieting for all sorts of reasons, the consumption of alcohol is much higher than in any of the states: two and a half gallons of wine and over five gallons of hard liquor per capita per year.) Or, worst of all, fun may become a desperate need and a cause, as sex became in the 20s and still is for many; too many.

Yet, *fun!* For any adolescent, a

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fun-house — a traveling carnival — Coney Island — are callow symbols of the meretricious; and surely anyone who becomes addicted to fun is his own contemptible dupe?

There's more to it than that.

THE ECONOMICS of fun is quite impossible to come by, if only because fun is an impossible economic category. Even if you identify it as "the entertainment business," you're going to run into all sorts of trouble defining entertainment. At the end of last year, *Life*, that magazine of Luce religiosity, gave as its Christmas present to the world a double issue devoted to the business of entertainment in the United States. But I at least run into aesthetic trouble immediately when I find that "entertainment" includes, at one end of the spectrum, any opera staged at the Metropolitan and, at the other end, anything broadcast over TV.

Pardon me, but no high art should be reduced to "entertainment" even when, like *The Magic Flute*, it entertains, and *Otello*, which I like better than any other opera I know, is no fun at all. And pardon me again, but if watching *This Is Your Life* is entertainment, then so is cutting up Siamese kittens with a dull pair of scissors.

And then (to get away from indisputable taste) a great many things which originally were luxuries and fun now have developed in us a craving as great as a need, like rum to a drunkard.

Take automobiles. Nearly all the people in the world seem to get along without them. Even in the United States, a few people manage without them; some of the Amish south of Iowa City still go by horse and buggy, and they look good too. Usually when I drive some place, I could just as well have walked, or gone by public transportation, or stayed home. But it's fun to drive!

Yet, car ownership has, for a very great many people, come to have so much to do with status and confidence and security and convenience that it couldn't be excised from their lives without effecting a profound dislocation. Maybe this dislocation would be good; I don't know; but my point is that it puts cars quite out of the order of what is meant by fun. Furthermore, by now so many jobs depend on cars, either in producing and maintaining them or else in using them, that the industry has become an inextricable part of our national life as well as of our private lives. Or so we think, as we do not think about basketball, bingo, the funnies.

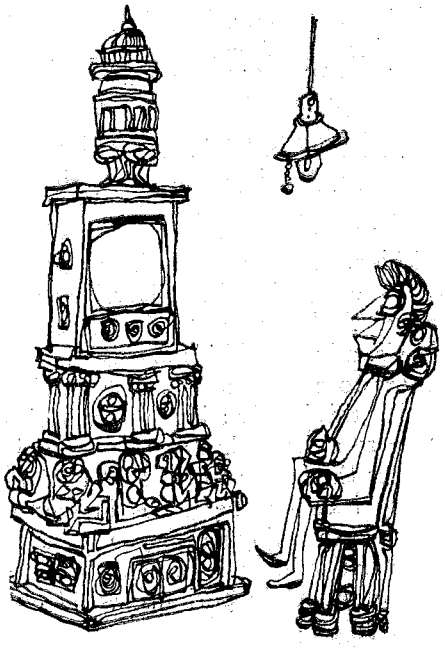
How is an economist to categorize cars? They're a luxury, they're fun, they're a drug, they're a necessity — all at once.

Still, so nearly as I can guess by poring over various tables of family and national expenditures and of national business statistics, we Americans apparently spend more per year on liquor than on medical care, the "entertainment business" is financially more important than mining, and most families lay out as much for cigarettes in the course of a year as for charity.

I submit: this is not only wrong of us, but down underneath the official gloss of *Life*-like lies, in which we live, we ourselves know it to be wrong. So why do we do it?

HERE, ON THE troubled waters of *why*, an unspecialized citizen like me can float as free as any sociologist, economist, psychologist, anthropologist. My speculations are going to be unabashed.

It has something to do with puritanism all right. (Nothing but Prohibition could have made bathtub gin taste good.) But there's a lot more to it than that.



I can't see that it has anything directly to do with the class struggle (in fact, I have trouble seeing the classes struggling any more, at least one against another as they used to do). Nor with the loss of religious faith or with the pains and disappointments which come with groping for that lost faith. These and others like them may be, and I think are, involved in our fun-desperation, but in remote, pervasive, indirect ways. It has a great deal to do with our wealth, for our wealth gives us leisure for which we do not have good enough uses (we speak of "killing" time) and more money to spend than training in how to spend it responsibly. And it has a very great deal to do with the joylessness and lack of engagement most people feel about their work, whether office or factory or field. But these things have been talked about much and well.

Here, I want to look at two enormous, efficient causes influencing each of us Americans and all collectively. They are so monstrous that every time I really regard them my ears ring and I run for the fun-juice.

THE FIRST OF THEM is our war-making. The traditional political and nationalist reasons for making war are still about as good as they ever were, though there are a lot of obscure and very important new reasons mixed in with the usual ones. But ordinary Americans no longer go to war primarily for these reasons. Young men allowed themselves to be drafted, trained and shipped to Korea to fight, but they did not allow it for political reasons primarily, not as a police action to contain communism. I'm not sure why they did it, and neither, I believe, are they; nor do they or the State really want to know, just so long as they keep doing what seems to be (and perhaps used to be) their duty. And no more than 15 to 25 per cent of the American riflemen in World War II (this is on the authority of Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall in *Men Against Fire*, Morrow, 1947) would actually fire their guns even

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when attacked and not all of these fired *at* anything. They allowed the State to draft them, but they had trouble shooting its enemies.

But worse than our reasons for going to war are our ways of waging it. (Not ours alone, but ours, but ours.) The ways themselves challenge and overshadow and finally obliterate the reasons. Nothing could justify such abominations: I believe that we all feel this obscurely and refuse, in any effectual way, to look at it. Our United States used the Bomb, nobody else; our government is the one chiefly responsible for spreading radioactive particles over the world. *We had not thought we were capable of such evil.*

And we don't know what to do about it.

THE second of the overwhelming causes of our fun-desperation, as I conceive the matter, is the dreadful social injustice which we are guilty of and benefit from, especially we white Americans and most especially we whose Christian ancestors came from Northern Europe. We stole the nation in the first place without believing that might makes right; we ravished millions of Africans from their homes, their pasts, their languages, their ways, enslaved them, and left them one great passion, hating us (yet those who can, would become like us); the Americans from south of us and the Asians who have come to our country we have insulted and do insult; our nation helps the poor primarily when it thinks that that action will hurt its enemies or help itself; the productive modes of our gaining our inconceivable wealth we ourselves think to be unscrupulous and unjust, and they are so lunatic that one of our reasons to give to the poor is that that action will make our nation richer; and for this same bad-dream reason, to make ourselves the better off, we destroy, prohibit, or hoard vast quantities of food, which food we know we should give to the hungry.

We don't like it. But we are so rich, so comfortable, so powerful. We don't like to think about it.

Circuses. Bread and circuses.

Let's have us a ball.

If we tickle each other expertly enough, maybe we can just quit thinking about the whole business.

I WANT to leave with you a couple of images of fancy fun, Times Square and call girls.

The good-time girls! — fun is their life, they're the Social Register of pleasure, they have beauty and money and no responsibilities, they really kick their heels up at the law. So far as I know, the best literary portrait of a call girl is Holly Golightly in Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Random House, 1958). He takes her pretty much at her own estimation—fun and charm and wild, gay living, with accesses of the acute anxiety to be got through, and a fairy-tale ending. The trouble with Holly is that only the best part of her is there. For Capote never shows her to us in her chromium habitat, where in fact ordinary citizens with the price can observe her any time they want — in those mortuaries of fun, night clubs. Capote never asks us to take her anxieties as anything more than conversation pieces. He does not mention her pimp. Maybe she doesn't have one, but most call girls do; they need someone whom they can despise more than they despise themselves.

One of the saddest books I ever read is *The Call Girl* by a psychoanalyst named H. Greenwald (Ballantine Books, 1958). The author has little regard for English prose and less for the arts of narrative, but he knows his people well and makes it possible for you to know them too, the daughters of joy. In this book the girls come a lot closer to breaking your heart than they would in a night club or a hotel bed. Here, you understand they have to have their fun with such ferocity because they are so full of anxiety and self-contempt and because they do not really enjoy what they do: they are frigid; their customers, solid citizens very likely with families, want their sex perverse most of the time; they must pseudo-love a man fast to allay their appalling dread that no one will ever really love them, and of course the life they lead pretty well insures that no one does. Most of them will end in drug addiction, streetwalking, alcoholism, or suicide, as they know. . . . It takes a gruesome lot of fun to get through "the life."

The highest concentration of fun, everybody says, is Times Square on New Year's Eve. So I went a couple of years ago to see what there was to see. And that's what everyone else was doing, seeing what there was to see. There was a battalion of police and a fair number of youths with noise-makers. But mostly there were thousands of us just milling around. A third or so lined the store-fronts four or five deep, another third ranged along the curb and out into the street, and the rest straggled densely along in the course between, largely in a counter-clockwise direction. Mostly, we shifted from one group to another without any particular reason, just to be doing something. Few made noise. We looked at one another with eyes blanked from too much liquor or from looking at too many other faces or from madness. We smiled a lot; it was New Year's Eve; we were making merry. At midnight everybody croaked, and because there were so many of us croaking we seemed to roar. We watched one another for reactions to react to.

SOMEONE — I think it was St. Augustine — suggested an image of hell for the intellect: two mirrors facing each other in a gray void. We have improved on all that.

Some New Year's Eve, if you're in a deserted fun-town, say Atlantic City, watch the Times Square celebration over gray-glassed TV, in a motel room or any bar. Or, if you're at home, invite a couple of friends over to watch with you and have plenty of drinks; your own living room will do just fine for having that sort of a hell of a time; as you watch people in the void-box watching one another, you and your friends can watch each other too. Double-distilled fun. I've tried it.

To be sure, having the kind of fun you have to have doesn't hurt as much as finding out what's really wrong and doing something about it. But finally, rather than that grinning stupefaction, I'd prefer to hurt.

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Dragnet for Proust

PROUST: THE EARLY YEARS. By George D. Painter. Little, Brown & Co. 435 pp. $6.50.

Mina Curtiss

FOR MANY years a number of critics and scholars, who have not themselves suffered the splendors and miseries of creating an imaginary world peopled by living, three-dimensional characters, have attempted to reduce Marcel Proust's great novel, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, to the level of a super true-life mystery story. They have dug into Proust's personal life, into the lives of all his friends, of his major and minor acquaintances; they seem to have searched everywhere but in his own writings for clues to an understanding of his masterpiece. The books resulting from this procedure are regarded as literary criticism or critical biography. Actually they are little more than defective detective stories, since the problem these writers set themselves is beyond solution. Poets and novelists, when they act as critics, know that no microscope, however unremittingly, however conscientiously focused on the minute-to-minute details of an artist's daily life, can ever isolate the moment or series of moments when his imagination transforms the visual, the palpable, the fact — what Henry James called "the germ" — into a work of art. Proust himself, in recalling the conception of his great novel, wrote, "No one understood it. Even those who sympathized with my perception of the truth I meant later to engrave upon my temple, congratulated me on having discovered it with a microscope, when, on the contrary, I had used a telescope to perceive things which were indeed very small because they were very far away, but every one of them a world."

The most recent in the line of Proustian sleuths is George D. Painter, a curator at the British Museum. *Proust: The Early Years* is the first of two volumes, the second of which he promises two years from now. The wisdom of publishing the two volumes separately rather than waiting until the whole work is complete is questionable on the grounds of both scholarship and literary criticism. For not only has he deliberately withheld a bibliography of his sources in this volume, in order, as he says, "to avoid laying all my cards on the table before the game is finished"; he also asks the reader to play his game by suspending judgment of his critical acumen until the second volume appears. *Proust: The Early Years* might be regarded by the reviewer as just another search for the keys of a *roman à clé*, even though he feels that the doors have already been many times opened, were it not for the tone and point of view in Mr. Painter's preface.

In it he states that his book is not intended to be controversial, while claiming at the same time that "something like nine-tenths of the narrative here given is new to Proustian biography; or conversely, that previous biographers have used only about one-tenth of the discoverable sources." Accepting Mr. Painter's challenge, I should be willing to risk reversing his figures. It seems to me that about nine-tenths of the present volume is familiar to any reader who has followed Proust scholarship and criticism.

THE chief novelty among the sources is the diary of Albert Flament, a little-known journalist who is mentioned three or four times in Proust's letters. He was perceptive, astute and obviously a born diarist. Discovery of a hitherto unknown document as interesting as Flament's is indeed a feather in the cap of a biographer.

Another innovation is a Baedeker-like guide — maps included — of the small village of Illiers which, except for the accident that Proust's father's forebears stemmed from there, differs very little from a thousand other villages in France. The emotions of at least one Proustian after visiting Illiers were comparable to the sense of loss and shrinkage she experienced on returning to a childhood home, remembered as a large, light mansion set back from the street and surrounded by ample lawns, only to discover a small frame house with a front and a back yard, situated on a street corner where trolleys clanked past. The ordinary little village of Illiers in the author's *Guide Bleu* account bears as little relation to the magical Combray of *Swann's Way* as do Mr. Painter's meticulous accounts of the habits and foibles of Proust's friends to *The Guermantes Way*. Indeed, *Proust: The Early Years* might be described as a ragout concocted of largely familiar ingedients based on a recipe out of the *Almanach de Gotha* re-edited by Walter Winchell or Cholly Knickerbocker. But Mr. Painter's preface precludes any such frivolous dismissal.

In his opening sentence he states: "Believing that the published sources are now adequate in quantity and quality, but that the subject has never yet been treated with anything approaching scholarly method, I have endeavored to write a definitive biography of Proust: a complete, exact and detailed narrative of his life, that is, based on every known or discoverable primary source, and on primary sources only." J. Christopher Herold, whose *Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël* is one of the most brilliant and illuminating biographies to appear in many years, seems to me to have spoken definitively when he explained in his preface to that work why it was not offered as a "definitive" biography. "Despite the impressive literature and documentation already published on Madame de Staël and her friends," he writes, "a still larger mass of material remains unknown; in the second place definitive biographies can be written only about people who are quite dead. Sometimes, to be sure, they will show some feeble signs of life, but the definitive biography gives them the *coup de grâce*."

Mr. Painter could not give that *coup de grâce* because Marcel Proust is still very much alive in the minds and hearts of those who knew him. And since until after the death of his heirs, many of the primary sources will remain unavailable, Mr. Painter would have been wise to postpone staking his claim to definitiveness. In spite of his statement that he has used "every known or discoverable primary source," he has apparently not availed himself of conversation with Proust's friends and contemporaries, many of whom possess highly relevant documents and information communicable only by word of mouth. Some of this material, which would surely have changed certain statements and conclusions in his book, I know at first hand.

On page 148 he says, "It is probable

MINA CURTISS translated The Letters of Marcel Proust (*Random House*). *Her biography,* Bizet and His World, *was published last year by Knopf. Mrs. Curtiss is now working on a biography of Edouard Manet.*

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that in his teens, like Gide, he [Proust] had remained perhaps ignorant of the existence of homosexual love." This statement is contradicted by a letter, dated May 13, 1887, written to a younger schoolmate when Proust was fifteen years old. The letter includes an analysis of homosexuality as well as an original poem by Proust entitled *Péderastie*.

In discussing "La Confession d'une Jeune Fille," a story in *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, Mr. Painter states that "it is abundantly clear that the heroine is Proust himself," and that this "is the only certain case of 'transposition' in Proust's early short stories." But there is a manuscript of an early short story or novel, written in letter form like *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, of which Proust was part author. During the summer of 1893 while he was at St.-Moritz and Evian with his friend Louis de La Salle, they collaborated by mail on this project with two other friends, Daniel Halévy and Fernand Gregh. Proust assumed the role of the heroine, Pauline; La Salle was an officer, Halévy an abbé, and Gregh a poet. The collaboration did not prosper beyond the few opening letters, but in one by "Pauline" there are two references which show that, even two years before Proust started writing *Jean Santeuil*, the seeds of that book were sprouting.

THE existence of other unpublished documents also precludes the accomplishment of Mr. Painter's aim. A mass of material, second only to that belonging to Proust's niece and heir, is owned by a wealthy collector who has little interest in either literature or scholarship. I was fortuitously permitted a glimpse of some of these rarities which include a number of letters from Madame Proust to Marcel, one of which more than implies that she was aware of the homosexual aspect of some of his friendships. There are also a number of little notebooks of the kind in which Proust wrote *Jean Santeuil*. The few pages I was able to glance at led me to suspect that these notebooks may well contain the missing portions of that book.

There is space here to mention only one other source of unpublished material: Proust's letters to the Duc d'Albuféra, connected with which there is an anecdote in Mr. Painter's vein. When a year or two ago the Duke was asked whether he would consider the publication of his letters from Proust, he is supposed to have replied, "I never read them when Marcel was alive. You don't expect me to read them now, do you?" The Duc d'Albuféra was among the many "hosts, hostesses, acquaintances in high society" and aristocratic friends of Proust who play an important part in Mr. Painter's game of detection.

But the ignoring of unpublished material is not the only flaw in Mr. Painter's procedure. He asks his critics to "consider whether the facts as given are true." A number of them are not. However, I shall cite only a few of those statements which I know to be erroneous. On page 141, Eugène Reiter is described as a "son of Jacques Bizet's former wetnurse." Jean Reiter, as he was usually called, was the illegitimate son of Georges Bizet and the only child of Marie Reiter, a highly prized servant in the Bizet household. Her son was ten years old when Jacques Bizet was born, so she could hardly have served as his wetnurse.

Mr. Painter states on page 285 that during the Dreyfus affair in 1898 and 1899 Madame Straus "was already approaching the intermittent nervous exhaustion by which she was to be tortured the remaining twenty-eight years of her life." And in a footnote he implies that her facial tic was of recent origin, adding that "her neurasthenia was hereditary, for her mother, sister and aunt all had died insane."

At the time of Geneviève Halévy-Bizet-Straus's marriage to Georges Bizet in 1869, when she was nineteen, the father of one of Bizet's friends wrote to his son, "I am glad that it is Bizet, not you who is marrying Mlle. Halévy.... Even when I knew her as a child, it was not difficult to recognize the seeds of mental instability that did not bode well for the future. On the other hand, I would have been very happy to see you marry the older sister, who was a charming person."

There has always been a mystery about the cause of the death in 1864 of Madame Straus's older sister, Esther, but there is no evidence that she died insane. Madame Straus's neurasthenia, however, is evident in a journal she kept both before and after her marriage to Bizet. The first evidence of a complete nervous breakdown appears in a letter of Bizet's written in 1871. "The external manifestations of her nervous shock are frightening," he wrote. "I can't give you any idea of the extent of the nervous tics." The facial tic remained permanently. The nervous breakdowns were intermittent. The one that prevented her helping Proust acquire signatures for the Picquart petition, mentioned by Mr. Painter, grew largely out of a crisis in the relations between her husband, herself and her admirer, Joseph Reinach.

The many misstatements in this small segment of material do not reassure one of Mr. Painter's judgment in choosing what "seem" to him "reliable" sources.

There remains the question of taste and literary value. The fact that I do not share Mr. Painter's penchant for scatology is unimportant. But the example on page 114 raises again the question of the relationship between external behavior and the creative process of an artist. "In his youth Forain had sheltered Rimbaud in his studio," we are told, "until that atrocious young man left after defecating in his host's morning milk by way of farewell." What relevance this bit of gratuitous information about the poet who wrote *Le Bateau Ivre, Saison d'Enfer* and *Illuminations* bears to an understanding of Proust's great novel is all the more puzzling since neither he nor Forain is suggested as a key to any character in *A la Recherche*.

HAVING thus far considered *Proust: The Early Years* from the point of view of a critic, I think it is necessary to mention the author's rather special conception of the general reader whose "needs" he claims "to serve." For such a person to profit by the footnotes which pinpoint the relationship between the mass of information gathered by Mr. Painter and the relevant passages in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* he would need to be sufficiently bilingual to read Proust in the original, and sufficiently affluent to purchase the three-volume Pléiade edition which costs about twenty-five dollars. For all of the footnotes refer to this edition only.

This defect would be less important if the main purpose of Mr. Painter's book were not to prove Proust's dependence on facts in the creation of his novel. "There is no aspect of Proust or his work," he writes, "which can be studied without an accurate or detailed knowledge of his life." Yet Proust himself has pointed out the flaw in this external, factual form of criticism: "Our passions shape our books, repose writes them in the intervals. When inspiration is reborn, when we are able to take up our work again, the woman who posed to us for our sentimental reaction can no longer make us feel it. We must continue to paint her from another model and if that is a treachery to the first in a literary sense, thanks to the similarity of our sentiments which make a work at one and the same time a memory of our past loves and the starting point of new ones, there is no great disadvantage in the exchange. That is one of the reasons why studies in which an attempt is made to

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guess whom an author is writing about, are fatuous."

On another level Mr. Painter has also ignored Proust's point of view. He disdains the biographers and critics who believe that *A la Recherche* contains "in itself all the necessary elements for its understanding," indeed accuses them of having been "egotistically contented to know . . . only what it means to themselves." But Proust himself believed that this is the way in which his masterpiece, or any other great masterpiece, must and should be read. "Every reader as he reads is the reader of himself," he has written. "The work of the writer is only a sort of optic instrument which he offers to the reader so that he may discern in the book what he would probably not have seen in himself."

Surely the touchstone of a masterpiece of fiction is the fact that on each rereading certain passages seem wholly new or different because the reader's own experience in life has over the years changed his point of view. Therefore a far deeper insight into the work can be reached by studying the results of the author's labors, the text itself, than by trying to discover "what the novel meant to the author," and "to understand the special significance which . . . every character and episode had for Proust," as Mr. Painter does in his first volume. By separating the facts of Proust's formative years from the basic themes of memory and time which are Proust's most original contribution to the art of the novel, he has inevitably placed undue emphasis on what at least appear to be extraneous details.

Not that a literary biography should ignore or minimize external events. Knowledge of an author's life is an important and valuable clue to his work—but it is only a clue. "There are very solid merits by which acquaintance with the lives of writers may illumine their works," the distinguished novelist, Angus Wilson, has said, "by a general suffusion in the atmosphere of an author's life, in the strains and stresses that have twisted out of him the imaginative shapes which 'pure' literary critics so rightly assert are the proper centre of our interest." But in order to perform this function the biographical critic, quite apart from his abilities as a scholar and writer, must have self-abnegation, humility and love. Mr. Painter's book raises grave doubts as to his possession of these virtues.

Stories, Songs and People

KINGS, LORDS, & COMMONS. An Anthology from the Irish. Translated by Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 167 pp. $3.75.

Vivian Mercier

THE Irish (Gaelic) language contains some of the most vivid — as well as some of the most tedious — poetry ever written. Naturally, Frank O'Connor has avoided the tedious "official" verse, full of imaginative genealogy and hallucinated history, rigorous law and loose theology. Instead he has rendered into English some eighty-five poems, long and short, that the modern reader would agree to call poetry rather than verse. About half of these are acknowledged masterpieces, already available in one or more English translations, but O'Connor's version is often both more accurate and a better poem in its own right than its predecessors: I am thinking especially of the much-translated verses about the scholar and his cat Pangur.

The vividness of good Gaelic poetry comes primarily from its sense of drama. The Gaels had no drama in the usual sense, except some rudimentary mime, because they had no cities and no theatres. Their potential O'Caseys became poets and storytellers, with a gift for dialogue and dramatic monologue that we can still appreciate. Many poets used Browning's device of putting words in the mouth of a long-dead saint or a folk hero who never lived at all. St. Columba has more poems attributed to him than ever King David had, yet even the best of these must be psychologically acute reconstructions of what the saint might have felt, not at all like the poems he may actually have written.

The very first lines of such a dramatic lyric establish both a character and a situation; here is the remorseful Liadain, an early Héloïse, speaking of her dead Abélard, Curithir by name:

Gain without gladness
Is in the bargain I have struck;
One that I loved I wrought to madness.

Here is the Old Woman of Beare lamenting her age and ugliness:

I, the old woman of Beare
Once a shining shift would wear,
Now and since my beauty's fall
I have scarce a shift at all.

Even the monk who writes "A Prayer for Recollection," deploring the flightiness of his thoughts, does so with a dramatic immediacy not far from stream-of-consciousness technique:

How my thoughts betray me!
How they flit and stray!
Well they may appal me
On great judgment day.

Through the psalms they wander
Roads that are not right;
Mitching, shouting, squabbling
In God's very sight.

(I could wish that O'Connor had avoided trochees in translating this fine poem, twelve stanzas in all, whose structure he so justly admires.) In almost every poem from this book, as in O'Connor's short stories, we are conscious of a man or woman speaking, of a personality being revealed. And each of the three I have quoted was indisputably composed before 1000 A.D.

ALMOST the last-written — and certainly the longest — poem in this collection, Brian Merryman's "The Midnight Court," dating from the late eighteenth century, possesses the same dramatic quality. The poet himself, as he relates his dream, and the old man and the young woman whom he uses as mouthpieces for his satire against late marriages and clerical celibacy leap off the page at us with their racy speech and clear-cut personalities. No "Celtic twilight" here or in the sharply defined pictures of natural scenery which abound in Early Irish poetry!

Another refreshing and unexpected fact about most of these poems and O'Connor's translations of them is that they are not loquacious; on the contrary, they tend toward the laconic and the epigrammatic. Irish "eloquence" results from the decadence of the prose tradition — a process which began, alas, as early as the twelfth century. Before then, and sometimes afterwards too, Irish narrative prose out-Hemingways Hemingway, especially in the realism of its dialogue. O'Connor calls the early prose "Latinized," making me wonder just how much Latin prose he has read. Caesar, let alone Cicero, never wrote so starkly as those anonymous Gaels.

Even aside from this remark about Gaelic prose, O'Connor's preface and headnotes are a bit eccentric — mainly because he hates to admit that these poems which he loves could be the unaided work of those natural enemies, his fellow-Irishmen. He tends to overempha-

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size the influence of Latin, of the Anglo-Normans, of Burns. I feel, too, that he ought to have acknowledged more fully his debt to earlier translators, and particularly to the scholars — Kuno Meyer above all — who edited the originals, often making sense out of the most garbled manuscript copies. Indeed, it was inexcusable not to give even the briefest textual notes indicating just which text of a given poem he has translated. As with any MS. literature, a different text may result in what amounts to a quite different poem.

Also, he is unfair to the Gaelic court poets who, after all, created and perpetuated the linguistic and prosodic vehicle of this poetry. For all we know, they may have written many of the best personal or dramatic lyrics in their less professional moments. Before 1600, a Gaelic professional poet doubtless would not have bothered to sign a poem that he wasn't expecting to be paid for.

Nevertheless, I envy anyone who meets Gaelic poetry for the first time with Frank O'Connor as his guide: he may feel as Keats did about Chapman's Homer. But remember: O'Connor didn't invent the poetry — it was there all the time. I have beaten a path through many of the early poems with Thurneysen's *Grammar of Old Irish* in one hand and the Royal Irish Academy dictionary in the other; at the end of that struggle, they were still poetry. Poems of such caliber are indestructible, but they can always profit by the restorer's hand if it has the skill of Frank O'Connor's.

ART

Fairfield Porter

INTERNATIONAL interest in American art is a new thing. It is comparable to the nineteenth-century interest in Japanese popular art, or the twentieth-century interest in Impressionism and Cubism. American painting has a new quality that attracts interest even behind the iron curtain: Polish artists admire it, and Russian art circles take time to express disapproval. From international exhibitions it looks as though this painting style, which is more accurately called non-objective than abstract, is not a spontaneous growth contemporary in all countries, but that it has its greatest authority in New York. The new American painting comes from a variety of sources, mostly French and Japanese. It does not matter who influenced who, or who came first; quality is what counts. Arthur Dove and Kandinsky may have made the first abstract paintings in 1908 or whenever, but Picasso's and Braque's Cubism has more authority. De Kooning derived from Picasso, Picasso from Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard from Gauguin, Cézanne from Pissaro, van Gogh from Hiroshige and El Greco from Jacopo Bassano. But the distinction that finally counts is not how unlike one artist is from another, but how much this quality stands by itself and honors what it came from.

The new quality in Japanese art that was attractive to the nineteenth century was an expression of the temporary nature of experience. Impressionism expressed the empirical theory that what you know you can know only in your sensations. The new American painting expresses the habit of thinking that what one does is what one is; that a past origin is no more real than its present derivative, and that the significance of future ends is contained in present means. From this it follows that art does not stand for something outside itself. This notion contains the difference between typically American non-objective painting and the European abstraction that preceded it, and also between American non-objective painting and the contemporary European painting that resembles it. Non-objective European painting still either stands for something outside itself or, if not, then the painter, being used to making symbolic art, does not pay close enough attention to the painting before him.

As painting reveals, like handwriting, the state of the artist's soul, so a national school shows the strength and weakness of the class that produces it. The finest French painting is in a great national tradition. French non-objective painting is as much outside this tradition as American Cubism. The French, non-objective painters express the chauvinism and avarice of the French petite bourgeoisie. It is as if they thought it were enough to be French, and also cynically believed that they were getting

MAURICE GROSSER is at present in North Africa. During his absence we shall publish occasional guest columns. This is the third contributed by FAIRFIELD PORTER, painter and critic.

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away with something. Soulages is a French painter whose work somewhat resembles Kline's: but Soulages does not "follow the paint" as Kline does: his painting is less attentive to the paint than to a pretended mystery of representation — say, the sky seen through tarred fence boards. Manessier, more cubistic than de Kooning, is very far down what Clive Bell would call the slope that starts with Picasso.

Non-objective Italian painting looks very much like American painting, but it is tidied up. Tidiness is inadequate formality. Except for Burri, the Italians have a common sense of humor that prevents them from taking their art seriously enough. They are like wise clowns inhibited by a knowledge of the vanity of all human effort. The Germans are still under the influence of the Bauhaus idea, and they believe in the supreme importance of the communication of ideas, as if art existed for education's sake, as a guide to the good life. As ideas in German have a concreteness that they lack in any other language, so in abstract German painting the details embody general ideas, and the painting as a whole is something that can be taught rather than experienced.

The British are the most sympathetic in their understanding of American painting. Alan Davie (who derives from early Pollock) and Peter Lanyon have shown two qualities that exist in no other national school: a sense of the division of the canvas reminiscent of the division of the wall in eighteenth-century architecture, and a love for the countryside. Americans have no continuing sense of what architecture is: we are sentimental about the past and about functional engineering; and, since the American countryside is still in the process of destruction, our colors are drug store colors.

HOWEVER, the new American painting stands by itself, and one remembers it on its own terms. That happens when the artist pays profound attention to the painting itself while he is making it. Art is measured by an interior intensity. The intensity may have taken place previous to the specific painting, or even in some other artist's work. (This latter is the carried-over intensity of a highly skilled performance.) But somewhere along the line the greatest possible attention has been paid to something whose importance to the artist is a measure of its reality to him. The painting compels the imagination of the spectator as it compelled the painter's. The Impressionists taught us to look at nature very carefully; the Americans teach us to look very carefully at the painting. Paint is as real as nature and the means of a painting can contain its ends. Shaw said of playwriting that once the characters are started, the writer must follow them, not will them: he must pay attention to the life that has been given an independent existence. This idea of creation is non-intellectual. Also, because what continues to interest in such a work of art is the work itself and not outside references, this idea necessarily stresses formal values. In the criticism of painting it has led to an emphasis on decoration as a standard, which has in its turn the weakness of a standard external to the painting (what is decorative ornaments the environment), and so what is only decorative has no life of its own.

The non-intellectuality of self-sufficient art is quite different from the anti-intellectuality of the Nazis or the Communists, who want to be the only client of art, which they can then use to advance their power, as Madison Avenue wants to use art to advance the power of its various clients.

Any number of accustomed things may be real to the painter of non-objective paintings, but one thing is new to the paintings under discussion, namely that the labor of the process is a subject of contemplation. To be attentive to a process is a way people have of making tedious tasks palatable. If one loses oneself in washing the dishes or in cutting the grass, one makes a game of it. The task is transformed by attentiveness to the process: work becomes play, and it is said that one is being artistic about it. The non-objective artist separates the process from the work result.

Symptomatic of this attitude is the use of accident. Accident would seem to be an element unworthy of the ends of a completed painting that has been willed in advance (as the Bauhaus painters planned their art). But when an artist pays the closest possible attention to the work as it goes along, it does not escape his attention that the accident may have a place. (When Japanese painters copy this characteristic look in American painting, the effect is that of putting artificial worm holes in new furniture.) The organic use of accident, that is, the attentive use of it from following the painting as Shaw said a playwright must follow the characters, makes painting as art relate in a new way to painting as labor, and to its function as a protection against the weather. American non-objective painting is playful about work. The practical end of work is disregarded. In this particular way work has not been turned into play before. It makes art out of the contemplation of work, as Stendhal made art out of the contemplation of love and politics, or as Dostoevsky made art out of a contemplation of the conflict of Christian belief with atheism. I think of a carpenter who built a barn for my father. He was very skillful, and to entertain the children who watched him, he would either hammer in a nail very rapidly, never missing the head, or else, in parody of a clumsy novice, make what he called "hammer blossoms"—scars around the nail where he had just as accurately missed. He turned labor into comedy.

THE quality of American painting comes partly from a playful exploitation of the medium and partly from the fresh eye of an outsider. It is as though American painters had, as John Strachey said of T. S. Eliot, "ransacked" the history of art in search of how the classics were made, and taken these means out of the context of their original purposes. The fresh attitude toward the process is like the fresh attitude of a small child toward the words that he has known for only a year and a half, but it does not mean that the painter is interested only in the process any more than the child is interested only in the words for themselves, and not in what they can do. American non-objective painting has an articulateness coming from a sudden mastery of a tool, making the tool seem full of bright and unrealized possibilities. European non-objective painters are inhibited by

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a realization of the greatness of their past.

Here it may be appropriate to say something about Russian painting, which is so different from what has so far been discussed. Judging from the selection at the Coliseum last summer, Russian paintings lean on extraneous ends even when there is no obvious propaganda purpose. One immense painting of flowers tells you that what moved the artist in nature can be reduced by conscientiousness and hard work to an unpleasant task, stoically carried out. And of the propaganda paintings one thinks, what a laborious way to point a moral! It is like American advertising art with the difference that what an American commercial artist paints in less than a week, is shown by the dates on the Russian painting to have taken years to complete. Taking the Russian paintings as space covered with paint, they protest their spots of meaning with a literalness that has less to do with life than with a will that is everywhere in opposition to natural processes. These moments of meaning—that Stalin was there, that the sun sets behind new constructions as well as old ones, etc.—are like a musical composition stopped on a single note, that blows and blows. They are connected with conscientious passages of gray and brown paint. Structure is arithmetical, nature is transformed into jargon. Art is turned into work. Russian painting is closest of all to the painting of the early development of capitalism. The conscientiousness resembles the bad conscience that Eakins struggled with in presuming, by his decision to be an artist, to live off the money his father had earned through hard work. But the conscientiousness induced by the Russian state has none of the intensity of Eakins' burden.

You look at a Russian painting and appreciate the hard work that must have gone into it, but also you wonder why anyone bothered to make the effort. It is a way of making a living, like another. You think of a good American painting, how easily done, what a pleasure; I, too, would like to do that! Russian painting is a skill for those willing to pay the price exacted by a government-induced conscience: American painting presents the pleasure of art in a way that makes it possible for the spectator to participate.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE STRENGTH and weakness of the prevailing tradition in the contemporary English-speaking manner of presenting Shakespeare's plays may be observed in John Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre).

The company — particularly John Gielgud and Margaret Leighton — pronounce and phrase all their speeches with admirable clarity, precision, lightness, intelligence, aplomb. In a word, their reading is exemplary. And this, it goes without saying, affords great pleasure.

The pleasure is especially keen in this instance because *Much Ado About Nothing*—though not among the greatest of Shakespeare's comedies — is blessed with some of his most delightful writing, while Benedick and Beatrice are thoroughly charming personages.

The total effect of the production, however, is that of a reading in costume. What is lacking is what the theatre alone can give: a sense of the world from which the figures emerge and in which they dwell. This, technically speaking, is the production idea.

That it hardly exists in Gielgud's *Much Ado* is made evident by two facts: except for Dogberry, Verges and the watchmen (whose very make ups create identities), there are no true characterizations. And, aside from a politely spoofing tone, there is no specific atmosphere.

Benedick and Beatrice are young people of the Renaissance (presumably Italian) "born in a merry humor." They are soldier and lady of a muscular era, cock and hen of high spirits at a time when quarreling, fighting, teasing, torture, dancing, wit, gallantry and lovemaking all were intimately related. The keynote — "man is a giddy thing," Benedick says — is a youthful and externally courtly animality, a joyous vigor which can manifest itself as much in sudden sword play as in enchanting friskiness.

But Gielgud and Leighton struck me chiefly as superbly practiced actors more at home in the smart drawing rooms of Mayfair (or in a Maugham comedy) than in the lusty palaces of Shakespeare's Italy. This tames and reduces Shakespeare to a debonair posture; but Shakespeare, though English, was no "gentleman."

Another failure of style is evident in the treatment of the subplot that centers on Hero and Claudio (though it is difficult to be sure from the structure of the play whether Shakespeare meant the story of Benedick and Beatrice or of Hero and Claudio to constitute the subplot). On the face of it, Claudio's brutal treatment of Hero is melodrama, the amatory turn-about of Benedick and Beatrice is high comedy. In between is the sweet horseplay of the simple folk represented by Dogberry and his companions.

The secondary plot — the abuse of Hero — has, because of its inherent absurdity, been considerably cut down in text so that it is not embarrassing now — only dull. What remains is done "straight." Gielgud's Benedick challenges Claudio to a duel very nearly in dead earnest. To unify the play, stylistically

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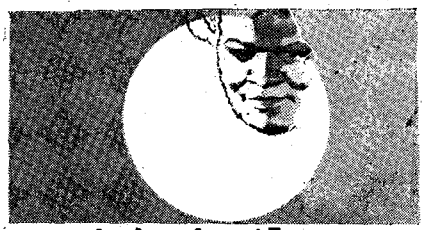

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speaking, all this should be treated with a certain boyish extravagance — mock seriously or, if you will, with comic and "foolish" romanticism.

Little attempt has been made to deal with this problem because the play is done literally on the level of the words alone — as if to make Shakespeare "theatre" it is sufficient to speak his beautiful language with appreciative gusto in a strictly contemporary comprehension of its meaning. That is the common sin of most Shakespearean productions in England and America.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

VISIBLY and audibly — that is, obviously — Tony Richardson has turned John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (which he also directed on the stage) into a wonderfully effective movie. It looks, it seems almost to smell, exactly like the blight that lies along the British railway lines. It is acted hard and explicitly by Richard Burton and Gary Raymond, Claire Bloom and Mary Ure. They use fine big gestures and swing their lines like mallets. It is boldly done and it carries you along with its energy.

But except that the picture fills the screen and your time, does it matter? Is there anything about this terrible Jimmy Porter, this prototype of the Angry Young Man, that commands attention? The answer, for me at least, is found in the fact that I was constantly watching the doors of the sets for the entrance of a competent physician.

Art is not sociology and a character is not a complex statistic. A character is an imagined man who acts thus and so because of forces that work on him; Porter is an accumulation of symptoms — latent homosexuality combined with castration fears, infantile eroticism, suicidal tendencies and hysteria induced by paranoia. A man might labor under that formidable complex of miseries, but the point about Porter is that when you have compiled the list you have defined him. The aberrations are explained, or at least suggested by reference to earlier experiences; but this remains at the level of clinical case work and does not relate, so far as I could see, to the Welfare State in particular or man's fate in general. Porter is a horror, but a dehumanized one. He does not approach the horrors that William Faulkner can conjure up. But Faulkner's people are ourselves carried to such and such points; we are appalled by their humanity, not by their disease.

I found myself watching Gary Raymond, who plays Porter's Welsh friend, Cliff Lewis. (I did not much watch Miss Bloom or Miss Ure, decorative though they are and deft at conveying amorous transports, because their mission was too evidently to be battered by Porter.) Lewis appears to be a troubled sort of fellow, a psychological vagrant, a congenital second man. But he is not in the throes of anything; he moves himself, he is capable of giving and receiving surprise. You can say — or guess — what is wrong with him, but you do not thereby define what he is. The role of Lewis is entirely secondary in the movie's structure, but I left the theatre troubled by what was to become of him. I cannot care about Porter — not, I think, from lack of compassion but because he has no reality beyond his agonies. Try to imagine Porter *not* abusing his wife — a blank page confronts you.

Yes, as a Look Springs to Its Face

as earth, light and grass illustrate the meadow,
there's a natural grace I hope for
that unknowing a poem may show
having its life in a field of rapture,

a book made full of days (pages),
a ready effort full of all places then
that may be because I have loved them
part-song of companions
and of those unknown, alike in soul.

For them may there be a special green
and flowering of life in these words—
eager to be read, taken, yielded to.

Yes, though I contrive the mind's measure
and wrest doctrine from old lore,
it's to win particular hearts
to stir an abiding affection for this music,
as if a host of readers will join the Beloved

ready to dance with me, it's for the
unthinking
ready thing I'm writing these poems.

ROBERT DUNCAN

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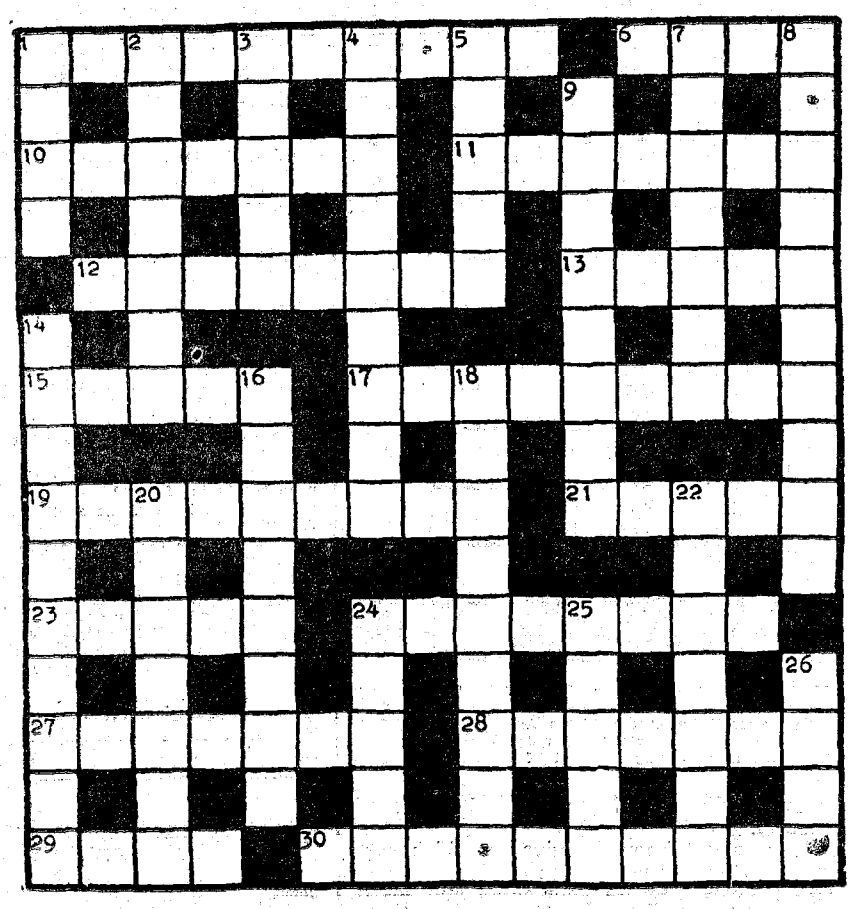
Crossword Puzzle No. 836

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The thing Debussy wrote about is able to furnish a covering of trade. (10)
6 Hurry off! He could make it hurt! (4)
10 Certainly not slicker in the number a plot might. (7)
11 Justifying at least one swallow. (7)
12 What happens when Mr. Franklin is poorly modeled in stone? Give up? (8)
13 Only a Coward would imply one slept firmly from twelve to one. (5)
15 If auks sound common birds, these could also be common in London cries. (5)
17 Acted like Lestrade? (9)
19 A saving grace might make one. (9)
21 An opera singer must be given direction for such a comfortable spot. (5)
23 See 9 down
24 and 27 Four-ten might suggest the reverse. (6, 2, 7)
28 Made by encroachment. (7)
29 Made of wrong addition, one might be just dandy! (4)
30 Covering various submarine men? (10)

DOWN:

1 See 24 down
2 See 9 down
3 When turned nowadays, one is not as likely to preface it by "Well!" (5)
4 So much French confuses Topsy's friend, and causes worry. (9)
5 Part of the race angles off at 135 degrees, implying absent-mindedness. (5)
7 Secretary or secretaries. (7)
8 See 14 down
9, 23 across and 2 down Where 11 is powerless, but auric. (2, 3, 3, 2, 3, 7)
14 and 8 down In the eating of a 7 type? (3, 5, 2, 3, 7)
16 Lets up, if malicious. (8)
18 An embarrassing job? (9)
20 Cut more than anyone coming out of a stratum. (7)
22 Break, as a code. (7)
24 and 1 down A suspicious person might hire Pinkerton to do it as a moving objective. (9)
25 Maxim of literature. (5)
26 I and my mother's daughter (by a different father) might be cow-headed. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 835

ACROSS: 1 Alabaster; 10 Banking; 11, 9, 6 across, 17 and 22 The morning after the night before; 12 Anthem; 13 and 27 Pillaged; 15 Dust-free; 16 Nugget; 18 Suborn; 20 Shadowed; 24 Leaner; 25 Tub; 28 Allegro; 29 Gondola; 30 Eased; 31 Entreated. DOWN: 1 Admit; 2 Airless; 3 Animal Farm; 4 and 23 Togetherness; 5 Rabies; 6 Aunt; 7 Twining; 8 Regulated; 14 Sunderance; 15 Disengage; 19 Bustles; 21 Without; 26 Brand.

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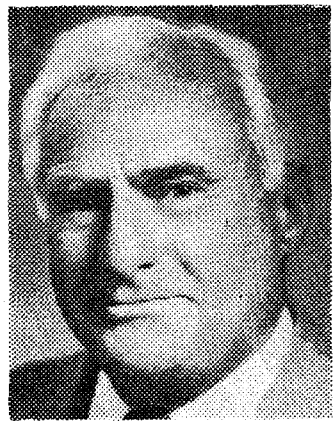

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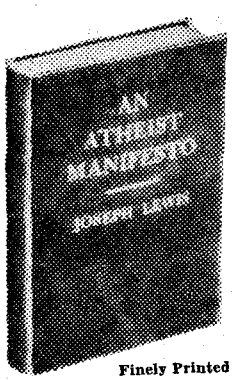

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